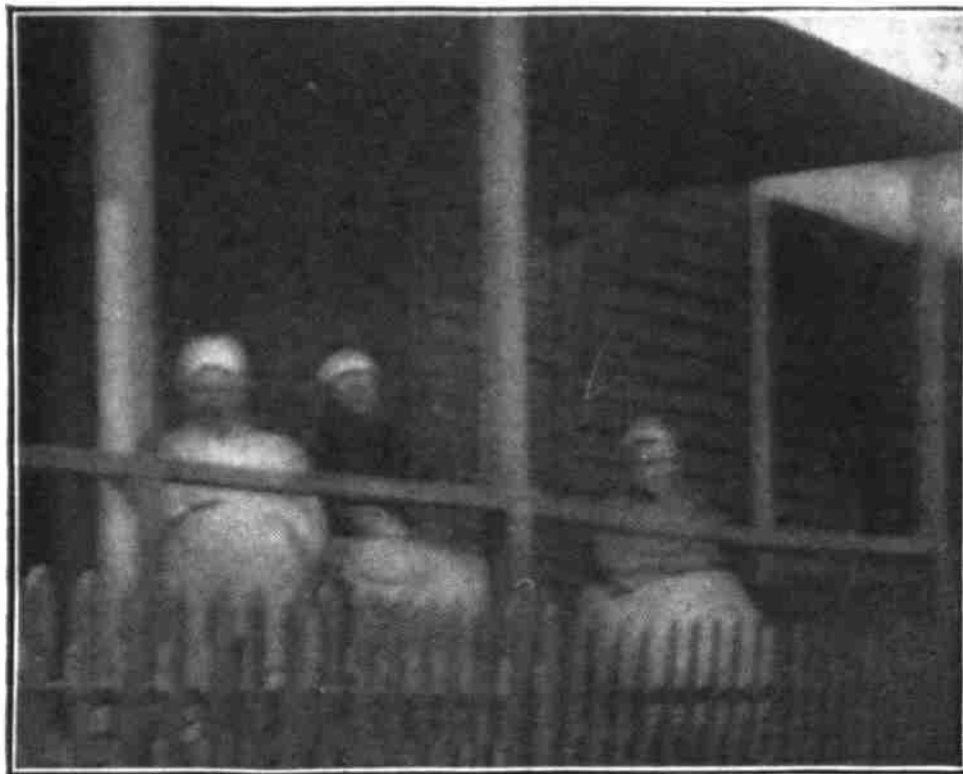


"My friend read to them a few verses from the eleventh chapter of Matthew, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden,'—that universal chapter. I have read it in the hut of the Negro; I have read it in the heart of the Great Smoky and Cum-



"A HAVEN OF REST TO THE POOR OLD SOULS"

I have read it in the homes of luxury and wealth where sorrow has come, and I say to you out of a full and varied experience, it is a universal chapter. 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.'

"They had all been field hands; they knew the meaning of the yoke. It was a homely and familiar illustration, and their faces brightened as she spoke of the Saviour's yoke, and then we both prayed. And then Grandma, in her old, cracked, quavering voice, said, 'I would like it mighty well if somebody would sing.' I said to my friend, 'Can you sing?' She said, 'No, not a note; can you?' I said, 'No, but I will,' and I sang to them their old-time plantation melodies, 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' 'Steal Away to Jesus,' 'Were you there when they crucified my Lord?' 'The cruel Jews took Jesus and nailed him to the cross,' and 'The Lord will bear my spirit home.'

'He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead,
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.'

"And as I sang the simple words with the oft-repeated refrain, every voice in the room caught up the strain until it was filled with the music, and when we had finished the tears were streaming down from the old, sightless eyes. Aunt Mary hobbled up to me, and, putting her finger up and down my cheek, as if by the touch she could tell something of my complexion, said, 'Is you white, honey? Is you white?' And I said 'Yes.' Then she

berland mountains, hundreds of miles from civilization; I have read it in the tepee of the Sioux, the Arapahoe, the Cheyenne; I have read it in the slums of great cities; I have read it in reformatory and penal institutions;

said, 'Bress the Lord for dat, honey; bress the Lord for dat. Get right down on yo' knees, honey, and bress the Lord for dat. There hain't so big a blessing in the whole, wide earf as to be white.' And then she said, 'Oh, honey, when you sing, "He rose from de dead," it make a spark come right in dis ole heart like I hasn't had sence I growed blind. Dar was a spark when de freedom come and it seemed like the whole earf was full ob de glory of de brightness ob de freedom, and then I growed blind, and the light went out of my ole eyes, and out of my ole heart and out of my ole soul, and I'se been a-gropin' in de darkness eber sence like it was de darkness ob de shadow ob deaft, but when you sing, honey, when you sing "He rose from de dead, an' de Lord will bear my spirit home," it make a spark come right in dis poor ole heart like I hasn't had sence I growed blind; an' bress de Lord for de spark, honey; bress de Lord for de spark.'

"We are doing vastly more than solving the Negro problem by giving industrial training and Christian education to these nine million native-born American citizens. We are fulfilling prophecy; we are setting the solitary in families, the wilderness and the solitary places are being made glad, and the desert is rejoicing and blossoming as a rose."

The Brewer Normal School

At Greenwood, S. C., in a rapidly growing community, we have established one of the schools of the American Missionary Association known as the Brewer Normal School. It is quite near the historic site of the battleground of "Ninety-Six" and a great many interesting stories are told and pictures can be shown of breastworks and excavations and walls which still retain their form, although made so many years ago.

Brewer Normal School is provided with a very comfortable dormitory for the girls and with a school building. Although all such institutions need a vast deal in the way of equipment, yet the great need of Brewer Normal School is a boys' dormitory. At present they live in little cabins, such as were used in the old slavery days for the quarters. The boys occupy these one-roomed cabins, from four to six boys in each one. They make their own beds and wash their own floors and do their own personal washing, but board with the girls and the teachers in the girls' dormitory. The incongruities connected with these educational institutions are sometimes very great, but the success of the efforts is of marked character.